CUP21 g.15/44

THE CHAPTER OF DESPOTS.

TUNE "CHAPTER OF KINGS."

WHEN Frenchmen no more with a King would be plagu'd,
The Deſpots of Europe immediately leagu'd;
And vow'd that they'd ſpit the Republican Dogs
On the points of their Swords like a parcel of Frogs;
Yet after this pother, ſome ſtrange way or other,
They were all of them beat in their turn.

Firſt Brunſwick comes forward, he ſwears and he brags
That the City of Paris he'll tear to rags,
And in the Convention break every bone,
Of thoſe who pretend to a will of their own;
Yet after this pother, ſome ſtrange way or other,
Poor Brunſwick was beat in his turn.

Saxe Cobourg and Clairfayt, two Men of renown,
Like Lion and Unicorn fought for the Crown;
And after the loſs of an ocean of blood,
Could neither perform HALF-A-CROWN's worth of good;
Yet after this pother, ſome ſtrange way or other,
They were both of them beat in their turn.

Biſhop York was ſent over to conquer France,
And many folks thought he would lead them a dance;
But the Sans culotte rogues (which was rather droll)
Made his Reverence dance the Carmagnol;
And after this pother, ſome ſtrange way or other,
The Biſhop was beat in his turn.

There was Frederick of Pruſſia he took the Field,
And Francis of Auſtria the Sword did wield;
But with ſuch a reception theſe Monarchs did meet,
That they brought home the News of their own defeat;
And after this pother, ſome ſtrange way or other,
Were both of them beat in their turn.

There's Stadtholder William, of ſleepy fame,
Whom Mynheer has chriſten'd the LAST of that name;
Not thinking it ſafe in his Country to ſtay,
He loaded his Breeches and ran away;
Thus after all pother, ſome ſtrange way or other,
They all ran away in their turn.

The Elector of Hanover, Bremen's great Duke,
The King of old England has quite forſook;
And for fear of affronting his new Ally,
He is driving John Bull from his family Stye;
Yet after all pother, ſome ſtrange way or other,
He MAY run away in his turn.